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THE PILGRIM'S STORY.

[*Concluded.*]

AT the twilight hour of the seventh day, when every breeze was hushed, and nature seemed to pause in melancholy silence, musing beneath the trees that encircled the prison of my idol, my ear was suddenly enchanted by the melody of a female voice. I drew near to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and distinctly heard the words of her complaint:—They pierced my very heart—attuning every heart to sympathetic pity.

Elvira hinted a wish that he would endeavor to recollect them; he complied with her desire, and thus began:

"WITHIN this drear and silent gloom,
"The lost Louisa pines unknown;
"Fate throuds her in a living tomb,
"And Heav'n relentless hears her groan:
"Yet 'midst the murky shades of woe,
"The tear of fond regret shall flow.

"Yon lofty wall, that mocks my grief,
"Still echoes with my ev'ning pray'r;
"The gale that fans the trembling leaf,
"Shall waft it thro' the realms of air,
"Till prostrate at the throne of Heav'n,
"Unpitied love shall be forgiv'n!

"Or if to endless sorrow born—
"If doom'd to fade a victim here;
"Still pining, friendless, and forlorn,
"Ah! let religion drop one tear:
"Like holy incense shall it prove,
"To heal the wounds of hopeless love.

"Ye black'ning clouds that sail along,
"Oh, hide me in your shade profound;
"Ye whilp'ring breezes, catch my song,
"And bear it to the woods around!
"Perchance some hap'less Petrarch's feet
"May wander near this dread retreat.

"Ah! tell him love's delicious strain
"No rapture yields, no joy inspires,
"Where cold religion's icy chain
"Has long subdu'd its quiv'ring fires;
"No ray of comfort gilds the gloom,
"That marks the hapless vestal's tomb!

"The ruby gem within my breast
"Now faintly glows with vital heat;
"Each warring passion sinks to rest;
"My freezing pulses slowly beat.
"Soon shall these languid eye-lids close,
"And death's stern mandate seal my woes.

"Then, when the virgin's matin song
"Shall 'midst the vaulted roof resound,
"Haply the tuneful seraph throng
"Shall whisper gentle pity round;
"While virtue, sighing o'er my bier,
"Shall drop unseen—a sainted tear!'

From that moment I determined to release the beauteous Louisa, or perish between the flinty confines of her prison; the difficulties attending such an undertaking, and the dreadful punishments that would be inflicted on the perpetrators of such a crime, rendered every precaution necessary to ensure success.

Chance, however, completed what years of indefatigable industry might not have accomplished: The abbess of St. Therese was suddenly attacked by an alarming indisposition, her life was supposed to be in extreme danger; and as the lady Louisa was of the highest rank among the holy sisterhood, she was entrusted with the entire government of the convent, and unlimited possession of the rights of a superior. It was not difficult under these circumstances to accomplish her wish; my letters were delivered without creating the smallest suspicion, and the rapturous hour was appointed for her escape from misery.

Her heart was susceptible of the finest passions; she relied on my honor, and I never deceived her. She had long considered herself as a victim doomed to eternal solitude; the extraordinary and unexpected change my propositions presented, the prospect of happiness that opened to her soul, gave energy to hope, and strength to resolution! I provided horses, and a convenient disguise; Heaven smiled upon the deed, and gave to my arms the beautiful Louisa.

We traversed the wood for some miles, and taking the rout towards Marseilles, in three days reached that port in safety.

There we were united in holy bands. The mistress of my affections became the wife of my bosom! and I became the proud possessor of a treasure, worlds could not have purchased!

Having procured a vessel, we set sail for Florence; the winds were propitious, we arrived unmolested at Leghorn, and from thence proceeded to the most beautiful city in the universe!

My adored Louisa, whose early days had been devoted to religious duties, evinced not the smallest desire to relinquish the delights of retirement; her mind, accustomed to an uninterrupted scene of tranquillity, dreaded to engage in the tumultuous bustle of the busy world. We hired a beautiful little villa in the vicinity of Florence, and, blest in the full possession of all that mutual affection and mental gratification could afford looked down with pity on the proudest distinctions in the power of any earthly monarch to bestow!

Three delicious years of perfect happiness cemented the bonds of undeviating attachment, when a regetta, in celebration of the pope's accession, awoke the attention, and excited the curiosity of all ranks of people.

My Louisa was tempted to partake of the amusement; and in the midst of delightful festivity, when every heart bounded with rapture—mine alone received the dreadful fiat of eternal anguish.

The Arno was beautifully serene; the silvery surface reflecting, as in a gently moving mirror, the verdant banks sloping to the margin, enamelled with flowers, and crouded with spectators. Thousands of little boats, decorated with variegated streamers, were seen skimming along the lucid current; some containing the most dulcet harmony, and others lightly shading with their silken awnings, the sparkling eyes and roseate blushes of enchanting beauty!

My Louisa was charmed with this new and fascinating spectacle. Our *barchetta*, which was decorated with festoons of myrtle, was gently rowed by youths dressed in the habits of Arcadian shepherds. The mind, softned to repose by the enchanting scene, sunk into that sweet indolence, which like the slumbers of wearied and exhausted nature replenished its faculties, and awaken its perfections to renovated lustre! My Louisa reclined her gentle form upon a mattress of yellow taffety; the warmth of the evening heightened the glow upon her lovely cheek, and threw a delicious languor on her eye, that rendered her the object of universal admiration!

My heart was full of rapture—I beheld my precious treasure with more delight than language can describe. The universe had nothing to bestow on me beyond what I possessed, and my enchanted senses could scarcely conceive any thing more divine, even in the regions of celestial happiness!

We strained our ears to gratify the soul with the exquisite harmony proceeding from a magnificent barge moored near the margin of the river; when, on a sudden, a young man, of athletic form, and noble mein, darted forward, and, seizing my beloved Louisa, was bearing her in his arms to a boat along side of us.

Every nerve that quivered around my heart, throbbed at this unexpected outrage; the stranger committed his prize to the care of his companions, then advancing towards me while the lightnings of revenge flashed from his indignant eyes, drew a stiletto from his sleeve, and aimed a stroke at my unguarded breast. I warded off the blow, and turned his dastard weapon on himself.—The point entered his heart—he sunk breathless at my feet.

Louisa opened her beauteous eyes to all the horrors of despair and death!—She had only time to exclaim, "My brother!" when the life-blood rushing from her convulsive lip—she hid her icy cheek on my distracted bosom—and instantly expired!

Frenzy now seizing on my tortured brain, suggested the foul crime of self-annihilation; but justice, like a pitying cherubim, snatched the dire weapon, reeking with kindred blood, from my assassin hand. I was torn from the lifeless victim of impatience, and thrown into the dungeons of horror and repentance.—The count De Clairville, the brother of my murdered angel, was the only relation relentless fate had left her;—her name is now extinct—but her virtues are immortal! She had been compelled to take the veil, from a base and little pride, which too frequently sacrifices the younger female branches of illustrious, but indigent families, to a barbarous and perpetual imprisonment.

The unfortunate De Clairville was returning from his travels; destined to a military life, he had lately received a commission, and was hastening to join his regiment then at Lyons.

He had long given up the fruitleſs ſearch after his adored ſiſter—Fate brought her to his view—then cloſed his eyes forever.

The count having given the firſt aſſault, my puniſhment was mitigated; my doom ten years impriſonment; and afterwards perpetual baniſhment from a country, whoſe laws I had violated, and whoſe annals I had ſtained with blood. The former part of my ſentence expired in days of weeping, and in nights of anguiſh—'till the exceſs of grief produced a ſullen ſtupor, that rendered me inſenſible to every calamity.

Time gave again to my ſad eyes the cheerful light of Heaven, and with it all the pangs of fatal recollection. Driven from ſociety—an alien to my native country—an outcaſt from every hope of future happineſs—alone, unfriended, loſt, forgotten—I knew not whither to direct my courſe: One half of my little fortune was forfeited to the ſtate, and meagre poverty ſtretched forth her icy fangs to ſeal my deſtiny. By perſeverance through a long and painful journey, I arrived in Spain, a wanderer and unknown, labouring under all the agonies of conſcious miſery.

I have from that hour reſided among the mountains in the vicinity of Madrid. My little hovel was too obſcure to excite curioſity, and its ſolitary tenant too poor to dread interruption. Poverty and ſorrow are the ſtrongeſt ſecurities againſt the intruſions of mankind; let adverſity guard your threſhold, and you may linger through an uninterrupted life of mournful ſeclusion.

Yet I do not preſume to repine; for alas! every hour convinces me that prayers and tears are not ſufficient to expiate my crimes. The penance I have impoſed on myſelf, is a ſad and tedious pilgrimage to Loretto, and the firſt inſtance I experience of divine benignity, is the benevolent hoſpitality I now enjoy in the foreſt of Vancenza.

The Pilgrim riſing from his wicker chair, bowed reſpectful to his lovely auditors. Elvira gave his ſorrows a tributary tear—it reviſed his mournful heart—for it was the holy tear of commiſerating virtue!

Before the ſun roſe from its eaſtern canopy, the Pilgrim reſumed his toilſome journey of penitence and ſorrow. The following melancholy verſes were found upon the table in the chamber were he had paſſed the night.

O'ER deſarts untrodden, o'er moſs-cover'd hills,
I have wander'd forlorn and alone;
My tears I have mingled with ſlow-winding rills,
And the rocks have repeated my groan.

I have ſeen the wan moon from her ſilver veil peep,
As ſhe roſe from her cloud-dappled bed;
I have heard the dread hurricane yell 'midſt the deep
As the light'ning play'd over my head.

When the tempeſt ſubſided, I ſaw the faint dawn
O'er the the eaſtern cliff meekly appear;
While each king-cup that droop'd on the dew-ſpangled lawn
From its golden lids drop'd a ſoft tear.

I have ſeen the bright day-ſtar illumine the earth,
I have hail'd the proud ſovereign of fire;
I have mark'd the pale primroſe, ſcarce waken'd to birth,
Ere I ſigh'd to behold it expire.

How oft have I pitied the plaint of the dove,
How I've muſ'd near the nightingale's neſt!
For, ah! when the minſtrel ſung ſweetly of love,
'Twas ſoft ſympathy thrill'd thro' my breaſt.

I have ſeen the tall foreſt o'erſhadow the glade,
And extend its broad branches on high;
But how ſoon have I mark'd its rich canopy fade,
And its yellow leaves whirl'd to the ſky!

I have ſigh'd o'er the ſod where ſome lover was laid;
I have torn the rude weeds from his breaſt;
I have decked it with flow'rets, and oft have I ſaid,
"How I envy thy pallet of reſt!"

I have trac'd the long ſhades of the wave's ſilky green,
When the ſtorm gather'd over the main;
I have gaz'd with delight on the landſcape ſerene,
When the ev'ning bell toll'd on the plain.

Exulting and gay I have ſmil'd to behold
Proud nature luxuriantly dreſt;
I have wept when I ſaw her uncover'd and cold,
And the winter-blaſt howl'd o'er her breaſt.

Since ſuch are the ſcenes of this valley of care,
Since each pleaſure is mingled with pain;
Still let me the raptures of ſympathy ſhare,
And my boſom ſhall ſcorn to complain.

Tho' deſtin'd to wander o'er mountains of ſnow,
Vancenza, oh! manſion divine!
The Pilgrim ſhall ſmile at his journey of woe,
And his heart, his warm heart, ſhall be thine.

The FATE *of* INVENTION.

DIONISIUS the tyrant, ordered the moſt ingenious artiſt in his dominions to build a ſubterranean priſon, conſiſting of extricable labyrinths, for the purpoſe of immuring the unhappy victims of his vengeance for life. After it was finiſhed, much to the ſatisfaction of the deſpot, the too ſucceſsful artiſt leſt he ſhould divulge the ſecrets of the priſon houſe, or lend a clew to unravel the gloomy maze of the anciet baſtile, was the firſt priſoner whom the tyrant confined therein.

Phalaris formed a brazen bull ſo contrived that the cries of any perſon incloſed in it ſhould reſemble the roaring of that animal. He gave it as a rare preſent to his tyrannic maſter, informing him of its quallities, and adviſing him to uſe it as an inſtrument for puniſhing offenders, by placing it over a large fire and baking its miſerable tenant to death. The king pleaſed with the idea, and anxious to make an experiment of its ſurpriſing virtues, and to be amuſed with its delicious roarings, ordered the inventor to be duly placed in the bull, who, however, unambitious of the honor, proved the firſt victim of his ingenuity.

The builder of the firſt ſtocks ever erected in Boſton, for charging too high a price for his labor thereon, was adjudicated to give the public a two hours ſample of their uſe in correcting the conſciences of people.

The inventor of the Maiden, (a machine for beheading people) in Scotland, was at length introduced to the arms of his miſtreſs, and expired on her ſcaffold.

So alſo by late accounts we learn, that Dr. JEAN GUILLOTINE, formerly a member of the French National Aſſembly, from Lyons, and who was the inventor of the machine which bears his name; for crimes of which the Lyoneſe have been ſo ſeverely puniſhed, has actually been reduced a head ſhorter by the work of his own hands.

Let him whom theſe lines ſuit, apply them.

On a DETRACTOR.

MISTAKEN wretch, induſtrious to defame
With lies thy neighbour, and aſperſe his name!
Unmov'd I ſuffer thy reviling tongue,
Then leaſt injurious, when it moſt would wrong;
Whoſe praiſe or blame by contraries are took,
Like crabs whoſe motion contradicts their look.
In harmleſs ſlander may'ſt thou perſevere,
But on my life, malicious praiſe forbear;
Leſt bent on vengeance, for thy wrongs on me,
I next proceed to ſay the truth on thee.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ODE

FOR THE GLORIOUS FOURTEENTH OF JULY.

THE red arm of ſlaughter is ſtretch'd o'er the plain,
But LIBERTY ſprings from the *blood* of *the ſlain*,
Baſe tyranny trembles, and cruelty fails,
As bright to the world ſhe her ſtandard unveils;
To the earth's utmoſt verge ſhall her power extend
And her ſmile the hard reign of oppreſſion ſhall end.

On this day remember the black Fabric* fell
By *tyrants invented*, curſt *emblem* of *hell*;
Where hid from the light, and confin'd from the air,
Conſum'd the pale victims of frantic deſpair,
Where anguiſh unpitied was heard to complaim,
And innocence ſuffer'd the *wheel and the chain*.

'Tis paſt, and on adament records ſhall ſtand
The day that ſhed light on the gloom of the land,
While gratitude loudly to fame ſhall proclaim,
With heart proudly ſwelling, each Patriot name,
Who fearleſs of danger ruſh'd on to ſecure
That FREEDOM which *Heaven decrees ſhall endure*.

Who fall in this cauſe are tranſlated on high,
Where glory prepares them rewards in the ſky;
The turf which enwraps them ſhall oft be bedew'd
With the tears of the beauteous, the brave & the good
Senſibility breathing her incenſe divine,
Round their urns ſhall th' laurel unfading entwine.

Thy cauſe, Sacred FREEDOM, ſhall ever ſucceed,
While Patriots have boſoms to *feel* and to *bleed*;
Not a tear-drop for ſelf ſhall e'er ruſh to their eye,
For their *Country they fight*, and for LIBERTY *die*;
Purſue then, ye Heroes, the Glorious Plan
Which gives to the People the *true* RIGHTS OF MAN.

July 14. PORTIA.

* *The Baſtile.*

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

The BEGGAR'S PETITION.

GOOD people liſten to my tale of woe,
And hear the ſource from whence my ſorrows flow;
If e'er compaſſion touch'd your gen'rous breaſt,
Give, give a penny to a wretch diſtreſt.
Oppreſs'd by poverty, and forc'd thro' grief,
From ſtrangers to demand the kind relief;
Friends I once had, but now, alas! they're flown,
A wretch ſo poor as me they'll never own.
I once had riches, I was once content,
Then on me their baſe flattery the ſpent;
But now, alas! how chang'd the ſcene appears,
Nought I poſſeſs but one large flood of tears.
By fire I loſt my fortune almoſt all,
Except a patrimony very ſmall;
That too was ta'en my creditors to pay,
And here am I, a ſtranger in my way:
If e'er compaſſion touch'd your generous breaſt,
Give, give a penny to a wretch diſtreſt.

July 17. ALEXIS.

On a young LADY *that painted.*

ADIEU, vain maid, with all your arts,
Whoſe beauty's but a mere deluſion;
The way you take to conquer hearts,
Will fail you ſtill in the concluſion.

Let not your form increaſe your pride,
Or feed your folly out of pleaſure;
Your cheeks, with paint ſo often dy'd,
I can't again behold with pleaſure.

Practiſe no more deluſive ſmiles,
Nor ſtrive to pleaſe with borrow'd graces;
I ſee through all your little wiles,
And burn no more for your embraces.

If you your charms would higher raiſe,
And make them worthy admiration;
Be humble, prudent, good and wiſe,
You'll gain eſteem and approbation.

NEW-YORK, JULY 19.

A melancholy accident happened on Friday laſt, in the Sound. As Capt. Goodwin from Middletown, was coming to this city with a load of produce, he was overtaken by a violent ſtorm of wind, hail and rain; his veſſel ſprung a leak, and ſoon after went down, by which accident his wife, and wife's ſiſter periſhed. The men ſaved their lives by clinging to the boat till morning, when they were relieved by perſons from the ſhore.

Wedneſday arrived here, the ſhip Harriot and Eliza, of Boſton the brigs Polly of Norfolk, and Dolly of Philadelphia, three of the fleet bound for France, and diſperſed by two Britiſh 74's and 2 frigates. Capt. Sluman of the Harriot, informs, that on Sunday laſt, the fleet, conſiſting of 30 ſail, took their departure from the Capes of the Delaware, and on Monday, at 8 in the morning, fell in with the above Britiſh ſhip of war. The ſignal was given to diſperſe—when every one endeavoured to provide for their own ſafety. Capt. Sluman ſaw the Atlas, of New-York, and the Chitty, Morgan of Philadelphia, taken. He alſo informs that the Concord and Pardrix, part of the convoy, was at leaſt 3 leagues to windward of the Britiſh, when he parted, the fleet.

Came up laſt Wedneſday evening, and anchored off Govenor's Iſland, the Britiſh frigate Thetis, belonging to Murray's ſquadron.

Accounts have been received from France as late as the 17th of May. By the current of intelligence we learn that the campaign is going on with vigour; that the French continue to be amazingly ſucceſsful; eſpecially in a late rencountre with the Spaniards in Italy; where they were decidedly victorious. From the proceedings of the Convention we learn that the government of France is rather encreaſing in energy; having decreed a compleat Democracy, and made juſtice the order of the day; they have ſurmounted the ſpaciouſneſs of compaſſion; and declared themſelves inexorably to offenders. From the Weſt Indeis we learn that Gaudaloupe is undoubtedly retaken, by a coup de main; in which (It is reported) that the garriſon was put to the ſword. It is alſo reported that the Engliſh fleet was on the move to examine into the buſineſs. It may be depended on that the Yellow Fever is prevalent at this time in ſeveral parts of the Weſt-Indies; and it is ſaid that the French eſcape it;—as they did at Philadelphia.

Extract of a letter from a very reſpectable mercantile houſe in Liſbon, dated May 22.

"We have no other particular news than that the Spaniards have received a moſt compleat defeat in Rouſſillon. Reports ſay, that they have loſt 260 pieces of cannon, all their baggage, military cheſt, and near half their army in killed, wounded and miſſing. Another circumſtance is added, which we hope is not true—that the French gave no quarters, not even to the ſick and wounded in the hoſpitals! all of which fell into their hands.—Beſides this, there is nothing of conſequence, nor any proſpect of a ſpeedy termination of the war."

Albany, July.—It is with the keeneſt ſympathy and grief we record the following diſaſter:—On Saturday morning laſt, about two o'clock, this city was again alarmed by the cry of "fire," which proved moſt unfortunately to be Caldwell's noble factory of tobacco, Snuff, Chocolate, Muſtard, &c. ſituated about one mile north of this city, near the ſeat of Stephen Van Renſſelaer, Eſq. Our citizens muſtered with the greateſt alacrity; but before any effectual aid could arrive, this extenſive and valuable pile of buildings (eight in number) was wrap'd in flames—the enormous height of which, added to the awful ſtillneſs of the night—the lowering aſpect of the ſky—the peculiarity of ſituation, being a deep vale, covered by lofty hills and thick woods—and the interrupted reflection of light upon the tops of trees—altogether formed a ſcene, the horror and ſublimity of which is almoſt beyond the reach of imagination.

Finding every hope of extinguiſhing it blaſted, we were forced to the diſagreeable neceſſity of ſtanding uſeleſs ſpectators of the deſtruction, of the moſt curious as well as moſt extenſive works of the kind perhaps in the world, in which ſtrangers, who have viſited this city ſince their eſtabliſhment, generally agree. The loſs to a worthy and enterprizing individual is computed at *Fifteen Thouſand Pounds*, on a moderate calculation, and it may alſo be conſidered as a heavy public loſs, from the number of people it employed, and the keeping of large ſums of money within the ſphere of our own circulation.

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 15.

By the brig William, Capt. Oaks, from Liverpool, whence ſhe ſailed the 25th of May, we have received London papers to the 21ſt and Liverpool to the 22d. They ſtate that General Clairfayt had ſuffered a very ſevere defeat on the 13th, in which the allies ſuſtained a greater loſs than in any one action ſince the commencement of the war.

The following are extracted from the above mentioned papers.

From the London Gazette,

WHITEHALL, May 16.

A Letter, dated Tournay, May 13, 1794, of which the following is an extract, was yeſterday received from his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York, by the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, his Majeſty's principal Secretary of State for the Home Department.

"Since my laſt letter no attempt has been made by the enemy to harraſs or moleſt any of my poſts. On Sunday morning, however, they attacked with great force General Clairfayt's corps, which had the night before croſſed the Heule. The action laſted from one o'clock in the afternoon till 11 at night, when General Clairfayt ſucceeded in completely driving them back into the town of Courtai, but not being able to take poſſeſſion of the place, he retreated firſt acroſs the Heule, and afterwards behind the river Mandel, but being ſtill very cloſely purſued by the enemy, he found himſelf under the neceſſity of continuing his march to Thielt, where he has taken up a poſition in order to cover Ghent, Bruges, and Oſtend. His loſs, I am ſorry to ſay, has been very conſiderable."

From a London Paper of the 20th May.

Mr. Eaſt, the Meſſenger, arrived yeſterday with diſpatches from the Duke of York, dated Tourny, May 16. By theſe diſpatches it appears that the Emperor, in perſon, has joined the Duke of York with 25,000 men and relieved him from the very eminent ſituation in which he was placed by the encreaſing numbers of the enemy. General Clairfayt, who had, in his laſt fatal affair of the 11th in which, before he ran away, he had conquered loſt more than 4000 men had ſince fortunately collected a number of ſcattered battalions and ſquadrons of horſe, a thing which (after a total route) was thought impracticable.

Capt. Parden, of the brig Sea Nymph, from Dunkirk, on his paſſage from thence, met with the following intereſting occurences—On the 13th of May (after leaving Dunkirk) was brought to by 3 Britiſh cutters.

On the 21ſt fell in with the Sunſparell of 84 guns in company with 2 other line of battle ſhips and 3 frigates in long 16. This ſquadron had been cruiſing 31 days and had captured that number of prizes—21 of which they had convoyed ſafe into Breſt 8 days before. The remainder were then in company, and were juſt captured,—four of them while Capt. Parden was on board commodore, viz. a large ſhip from Jamaica to London, 2 brigs loaded with proviſion bound to Barbadoes, and a Dutch ſhip.

On the 25th fell in with 38 merchant ſhips Demarara bound to Amſterdom, under convoy of three Dutch frigates and a brig.

July 16—The brig ——, Captain John Greene, arrived at the Fort yeſterday afternoon, in 41 days from Breſt. Captain Greene informs, that on the 31ſt of May an engagement took place between the Britiſh fleet of 30 ſail of the line, and the Breſt fleet of 26; the iſſue of which, was not certainly known, but underſtood to have been undecided. The Cheſepeake convoy had not arrived.

Bruges, May 14—Yeſterday 16 waggons of wounded Heſſians and Hanoverians were brought into town. In the night, the heavy baggage of the army was moved, and early this morning above 100 waggons paſſed through, eſcorted by a corps of huſſars. Soon after came an Hanoverian regiment of infantry from Tourhout, falling back upon Ghent.

It was the Hanoverians, that were chiefly engaged in the action of Sunday, near Courtray. The Auſtrians were alſo engaged in another quarter: near 3000 were ſaid to have been killed and wounded.

General Clairfait who has fallen back to cover Ghent, is now entrenching his army in a ſtrong poſition.

COURT OF THEMEN.

MARRIED

On Thurſday evening, the 31 inſt. by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. PATRICK WILSON, to Miſs CLARISSA THIELDS—both of this city.

DIED

On Saturday laſt, after a long and lingering illneſs, Miſs ANN LEONARD, of this city, aged 17 years and 9 months, and on Sunday her Remains were entered in the Trinity-Church-Yard, attended by a number of weeping Relatives and Friends.—It may be truly ſaid of her that ſhe was a young lady whoſe amiable diſpoſition procured her many Friends, and the reſpectability of her virtues taught eſteem to follow her wherever ſhe went, her affability was pleaſing and her manners engaging.

"*Such ſouls as her's too ſoon forſake this earth,*
And wing their flight beyond theſe narrow zones
To view that God, whoſe fiat gave them birth,
And now rewards them with celeſtial thrones.
Weep not ye Relatives, altho' ſhe's dead,
Nor think Omnipotence has wrong decreed,
For Heav'nly glories now ſurround her head,
An Angel's throne rewards each virtuous deed."

Wanted Immediately,

IN a ſmall family, (where the work is very light) a Maid Servant—one of a middle age will be preferred—None need apply unleſs they can bring a good recommendation.—Enquire at this Office.

The MANUAL EXERCISE

Is juſt Publiſhed, and for Sale at this Office.
Price ſix-pence.

Court of Apollo.

APOSTROPHE,

Of RISPAH, (who had been the Concubine of king SAUL) when DAVID hanged her children, because their father had done amiss.

FROM morn to eve, from eve to rosy morn,
On this bleak rock I'll lay me all forlorn;
Here will I stay, tho' tempests frown around,
Fierce lightnings glare, or earthquakes rock the ground.
The prowling wolves, the hungry birds of prey,
Pierc'd with my moans, will rove another way:
Less feel'd than man, with hearts dissolv'd they go,
And lose their nature at the voice of woe.
And didst, O my hapless offspring! bleed
For your unhappy father's thoughtless deed?
He fell, alas! on Gilboa's fatal plain,
And gave his life 'mong thousands noble slain.
—He had his faults; but he was kind and brave,
And with him all his errors found a grave;
——Thus fondly I
With cursed, deadly hate,
Against his house are hurl'd the bolts of state;
For royal David, wrapt in purple griefs
While one of Saul's unfortunate lineage lives:
His word is fate—myself, my children all,
Must in an unavailing wish'd ruin fall,

MR. MACK,
Miniature Painter;

WHOSE performances have been so much admired, by the lovers and promoters of the Fine Arts, returns his grateful thanks, for the very liberal encouragement he has received since in this city, and begs a continuance of favors, which he hopes to merit, being so fortunate as never to fail taking the most striking likeness of every subject he attempts.

New-York, Maiden Lane, No. 43.

RICHARD and BENJAMIN CARMAN,

HAVE Commenced the HATTERS BUSINESS, at No. 60, Catharine-street, and at the corner of Front and King-streets—where they intend carrying it on in an extensive line.

Masters of Vessels and others, may be supplied with any quantity of either Coarse or Fine Hats, on the shortest notice.

New-York July, 10th, 1794.

MILLINARY.
MARY PRINCE,
No. 13 1-2, William-street, New-York.

HAVING procured the greatest variety of bonnets, silks, vellom and other fashionable ribbons, flatters herself she has it now in her power of serving her customers with as elegant new-fashioned bonnets as any person of her line in this city. She has now on hand the following variety.

The Union, Belvidier, Imperial Cottage, Queens Basket, Queens Village, English, Scotch, Slouch, Old Ladies, Patterson, Village, Cottage, and York Bonnets of the greatest variety of colours and prices, Calashes, Cloaks, and Shades, covered Chip Hats, and Scotch Nett Caps, with a great variety of other articles in the above line too tedious to mention.

N. B. Being determined to decline the dry good business, a small quantity remaining on hand will be disposed of at prime cost, or under.

Books and Stationary,

For Sale at the PRINTING-OFFICE *of*
JOHN HARRISSON,
YORICK'S HEAD, No. 3, PECK-SLIP,
Among which are the following:

HOLY BIBLE, folio & quarto,
Fergusson's Roman History,
Stewart's History of Scotland,
Bower's Lives of the Popes,
Warwell's Travels,
Swinburn's do.
Bruce's Memoirs,
Essay on happiness,
Travels thro' Europe, Asia & Africa.
History of America,
Life of Col Gardiner,
Life of Baron Trenck,
Robert Boyl,
Tom Jones,
Vicar of Wakefield,
Julia Benson,
Mrs. Bleecker's Works,
Keats Sketches,
Children's Friend,
The Bee,
Youngs Night Thoughts
Paradise Lost,
Poems of Phillis Wheatly,
Masons Companion,
Young Mason's Monitor
Hervey's Meditations,
Fordyce's Sermons,
Whitefield's do.
The Marrow of Divinity
Religious Courtship,
Complete letter writer
The Child's Instructor,
Watt's Scripture History
Confession of Faith,
Dutch Church Constitution,
Synods Catechism,
Muir's Trial,
Boston's fourfold state,
Bunyan's Holy War,
Pilgrims Progress,
Life of Joseph,
Common Prayer Books,
Franklin's Life,
Watts' Psalms & Hymns
Monitors,
Scott's Lessons,
Morse's Geography,
Fishers Companion,
Goughs' Arithmetic,
Dilworth's Assistant,
Æsops Fables,
Entick's Dictionary,
Song Books,
Syren or Musical Boquet
Mermaid, or Nautical Songster,
Jovial Songster, &c.
School Books,
Bibles & Testaments,
Dilworth's, Webster's & Fennings Spelling Books,
Primers, with the Presbyterian and Episcopal catechise, &c. &c.

Also
A great variety of new Plays and Farces,

and school books of every kind, and an assortment of copper plate copy books, &c. &c.

And a large Assortment of Chap and Childrens Books.

The Practical Navigator, and Seamans New Daily Assistant.

SEAMEN'S JOURNALS.
Blank Books of all Kinds.

Pocket Memorandum Books, Receipt Books, Copperplate Copy Books, best gilt quarto Writing Paper, common do. best foolscap do. common do. Wafers, Sealing Wax, Quills, Ink-Powder, Black Lead Pencils, Ink-Stands, Slates, Playing-Cards, Message do. Penknives, India Ink, India Rubber, Patent Cake and Liquid Blacking for boots and shoes, &c. &c.

Just received per the last arrivals from London, and for sale by
CALEB HAVILAND, TAYLOR,
No. 77, late 13, Golden-Hill-Street,

AN elegant assortment of superfine London broad cloths, with trimmings of suitable colors and quality.

Tamboured vest shapes, on cassimeres, muslins, muslinets.

Sattins, florentines, nankeens, &c.

Which he is determined to sell on as low terms as can be afforded by any person in this city; he returns his thanks to those gentlemen, who have hitherto favored him with their custom, and now assures them and the public in general, that he will exert his endeavors to please to the utmost, all who will honor him with their future custom.

New-York, May 10. 13 tf

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

Made at the New-York Cotton and Linen Manufactory, and for sale by ANDREW STOCKHOLM, at No. 303. Pearl-street, formerly Queen-street, near Peck slip.

A Great variety of striped and plain nankeens, for the summer season, calculated for ladies or gentlemen, which will be retailed for the present.

Also will be ready in a few days,

German stripes, thickets, bridgetts, or rib de leurs, sattinets, jeans, pillow fustians, dimities, crossovers, checks, and bed ticken, stocking yarn of different qualities, and candle wick.

Orders for cotton goods of any quality made to pattern, on the shortest notice.

Wanted, workmen in the cotton line, and likewise a number of apprentices, either girls or boys, from 7 years old and upwards.

June 14. 18—tf.

PETER VANDERHOEF, Jun.
HATTER,

HAVING commenced Business at No. 13 Old-Slip, acquaints his friends and the Public, that he is now carrying it on in all its respective branches; where they may at all times be supplied with HATS of any quality or fashion, on reasonable terms.

N. B. Orders from the country executed with punctuality.

New-York, May 24. 15 tf

HENRY VAN BEUREN, jun.

No. 133, corner of Water-street and Fly-Market, Has for sale,

JAMAICA spirits, coniac brandy, Holland geneva, Lisbon wine, old methiglen, country rum, molasses, old cyder vinegar, hyson and souchong teas, pepper, mustard, chocolate, coffee, indigo, snuff, empty bottles, brown sugars, India sugars, mess pork by bbl. or lb. And has likewise for sale sixty bushels of Hemp-Seed.

New-York, May 31. 16.t.f.

NOTICE.

BY order of Benjamin Coe, Esquire, first judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Queens-County, in the state of New York.

Notice is hereby given to John Van Lew, late of Flushing, in the county of Queens, and State of New-York, an absent debtor, and all others whom it may concern, that, on application and due proof made to him, the said Judge, pursuant to the directions of the Law of the State of New-York, entitled "An act for relief against absconding and absent debtors;" passed the 4th day of April, in the year 1786. He hath directed all the Estate, real and personal, within the county of Queens, of the said John Van Lew, an absent debtor, to be seized. and that unless, the said John Van Lew doth discharge his debts within one year after this public notice of such seizure, all his Estate, real and personal, will be sold for the payment and satisfaction of his creditors.

Queens County March 22, 1794. 1y.

EDUCATION.

TO accommodate such young ladies as wish to be farther advanced in their education, are unwilling to attend school the common hours, Mr. ELY will attend from 6 till 8 A. M. through the summer, at his seminary, No. 91, Beekman-street. Arithmetic and Geography will be principally attended to: Other branches if required. May 3.

PRINTERS INK.

MANUFACTURED and sold by Jacob Fee, No. 1, Magazine-street, near the Tea-Water, Pump New-York. t.f.